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THE VOICE ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS

EVERYWHERE the hearts of men are lifted up by the thought of the turning of the tide. The forces of evil have reached their apex and have not conquered. Once more our people are to bow themselves in prayer that God will save for us the foundations of our faith.

It is nothing less than this for which we fight. Never was a holier crusade. We fight against the attempt to overthrow the Christian Civilisation of the world.

There are still, it may be, strange voices heard in our midst. There are some who think it wrong to fight for anything, even to hurt a ravening wolf as it leaps to devour you. There are those who can find time for pedantry in hours like these. There are 371 ministers of the Church of England who are not ashamed to bind themselves in an Anglican Pacifist Fellowship and stand aside while Christianity is at stake. There are even Baptist ministers who declare from their pulpits that they will do nothing if Hitler comes. There was a man (a sort of man) who declared to the magistrates that he would not help his mother if she were wounded in an air raid. There is the rapidly-dwindling company of Objectors among the men called up.

The 'Queer People'

It must be, in a free country, that there are all sorts of strange creatures mingling in the multitude, with minds ill-balanced or half-formed, and we know from our postbag that this country is not free from the delusion that there is something in Christianity which condemns force as an evil thing. We are told that in the name of Christianity, too, these people cannot support their country against its enemies. It is the most abject nonsense and the most pitiful treachery. Force is neither good nor evil in itself; it is the use of force that makes it so. The idea that Christ would allow evil to overrun the world rather than use force to destroy it is the invention of a crazy mind.

If these queer people are right all the rest of the people of the British Empire are wrong, and all our soldiers, sailors, and the gallant men of the RAF are sinful in resisting Hitler. It is the gospel of the madhouse, and it is a shame that it can be held by even a small number of people in this country that is trying to make the world a decent place again. It is sheer paganism that would have us believe that Christ would be against us if He were in Europe now.

Resist Not Evil

THERE is not a word in the Bible to suggest that these men who are ready to destroy Nazism by force, to lay down their lives to free the world from slavery, are in any sense less worthy followers of Christ than those who sit at home turning over texts and devising subtle shades of meaning for them. Are we to be asked to believe that Christ would stand idly looking on while all that He taught us was flouted and all that He scorned was exalted? Are we to be asked to believe that He would have nothing to say to these foul Barbarians trampling down innocent people, shooting wounded men as they struggle in the sea, driving tanks over the living bodies of refugees fleeing from their burning homes? Are we to believe that He would wish His followers to bow down to Heathendom coming on armed against a peaceful nation?

Resist not evil, we are told, but we must not abuse these words. We are not to trouble to save

ourselves from all manner of injustice and persecution, but are to suffer evil things for the good that may come to us as we pass through the fires. But it is for ourselves that we must not resist; for ourselves we must be ready to lose our life to save it, to sacrifice and endure that we may be strong. We are to overcome evil with good, to speak the soft word that will turn away wrath.

But it is not for us to pass on suffering and sacrifice to others, to His little ones, or to those in whose hands the building up of His kingdom will be. A Roman subject, Christ was ready to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. He had nothing but scorn for those who would abuse their trust. Is it to be imagined that if He had been responsible for the safety of the children of these Islands, for all the innocence that puts its simple trust in Him, for the protection of all those lives that are powerless to protect themselves in Europe now, He would have stood aside and let the wolves devour them? For conduct like that Christ saved His angriest word and His sternest act. It were better for those who offended His little ones that a mill-stone were hanged about their necks and they were drowned in the depths of the sea; and as for those who abused their trust of a sacred place (a temple or a country), they must be driven out by force.

Christ's Use of Force

THERE is no doubt about it all. Christ came into the Temple and found men turning it into a marketplace, changing money and selling doves. All power was given unto Him in Heaven and on earth, and what did He do? He looked about for some small cords, and deliberately (not impulsively) made with his own hands a whip and drove these men from the Temple. He flung their money after them. He overthrew their tables. He drove out their sheep and oxen. It is nothing to say He used a little whip. He used whatever power was there. There is no need for a gun if a whip will do; the force that will overpower the enemy is enough.

Now the land in which we have built up freedom, in which all men can worship and seek the kingdom of God, is threatened by evil things. The enemy of Christianity creeps on to overwhelm us, to overthrow the liberties we hold in trust for future ages. No trust ever left in the care of men since our faith was left with twelve disciples can compare with it. Who are we to say that such a trust, fraught with the destiny of millions of immortal souls, would have seemed a smaller thing to Christ than the cause for which He drove men out with whips? Who are we to say that the sanctity of the Temple of Freedom would have been a less compelling trust to Him than the sanctity of the Temple of Jerusalem?

Force is Not an Evil

THE truth is that force in itself is a very proper thing and not an evil. Law and Justice are based upon it. The League of Nations failed because it had no force behind it. Force is the instrument of Authority, the foundation of civilisation. Again and again the need of force was recognised by

A BLESSED THING THIS IS

A BLESSED thing it is for any man or woman to have a friend, one human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us in spite of our faults, who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face and laughs at us behind our back.

If we have had the good fortune to win such a friend, let us do anything rather than lose him. We must give and forgive, live and let live. We must hope all things, believe all things, endure all things rather than lose that most precious of all earthly possessions, a trusty friend. Kingsley



THE CRUSADER

Christ Himself. We are urged to make up our quarrels, to agree with our adversaries quickly lest the judge deliver us to prison, whence we shall not emerge "until we have paid the uttermost farthing." The kingdom of God is compared to a stone, and "whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." We must defend ourselves and our country: "if the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come he would have watched and not have suffered his house to be broken up; be ye ready also."

We have to save the world from the rule of louts and pagans, to prevent cruelty and torture and lying from being bolstered up as a great power, to save mankind from chains and slavery, to give the opportunity of happiness and liberty to all. All the world knows the grim and loathsome forces that seek to overthrow the powers of righteousness, to reverse the Sermon on the Mount and overcome the meek, the lowly, and the pure in heart. There are ten thousand examples: let us take one. While the men of the British Navy were saving the lives of German airmen who had crashed into the sea the Nazis machine-gunned them and forced them

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A Friendly Move Between Two Nations

VERY welcome in these difficult days is the friendliness between Japan and Australia, which has grown stronger in spite of the fears and ambitions of a few of the less far-seeing.

The latest contribution to mutual goodwill is the establishment of the first Australian Ministry at Tokyo, no less distinguished a representative having been chosen for the office by the Australian Government than Sir John Latham, Chief Justice. Sir John is not only a great lawyer; he represented his native country at Versailles and later at the Disarmament and Reparation Conferences in 1932. He has been Minister of Industry, and six years ago led the Australian Mission to China, Japan, and the Dutch East Indies to discuss future trade relations.

Japan is already a considerable market for Australian produce, obtaining from the Dominion more

than do Canada, India, and South Africa put together, while the value to Australia of imports from Japan are over £4,000,000 a year.

Both Japan and Australia have an extensive and increasing trade with the Dutch East Indies, to which the eyes of the world have been drawn with greater interest since the conquest of Holland and the loss of their home market.

Australians are looking forward to the arrival of their first Japanese Minister, who will take his place beside the American Minister at Canberra, and so occupy the second plot of Australian territory which in peace time belongs to the nation whose ambassador lives on it.

Australia is not the first British Dominion to have a plot of its own in Japan, for Canada sent a Minister there in 1936, and a Japanese Minister was sent to Ottawa a few months later.

Yorkshire Laddie

These stories of a dog which was faithful to its master for 16 years come from a Yorkshire village.

WHILE living in Leeds we had a fine black retriever named Laddie. He had a friend next door, a clever little Sealyham named Joey.

Laddie would often share his food with him, but on one occasion he wanted the bone to himself. In vain did Joey try to get it, so he lay on his back, uttering dismal howls. This so intrigued Laddie that he left his bone to discover what was wrong with his friend. In an instant Joey leapt to his feet, grabbed the bone, and was off with it! A big collie named Rover often had a fight with Laddie, but his staunch friend always attacked the enemy by biting and pulling the collie's tail.

We took Laddie with us when we moved to Scarborough, where he would bring us presents from our neighbours. Often we had great

difficulty in tracing their rightful owners. If we scolded him and told him he mustn't, he seemed to think he had not brought the right thing, and would bring something else! Sometimes his presents were very embarrassing, one being a rug from a friend's garden hut, which he had dragged through the muddy lane. When I returned it, washed and dried, our friend told us she had also missed a shovel, a pudding dish, and other articles, all of which we found in our garden.

The last present he brought us was a big notice board from the village stores; he was very tired when he deposited this at my feet. I returned the board to its owner, asking him to fasten it firmly so that Laddie could not drag it away again, but the next day he went for it, tugging and tugging until he was exhausted. Then he slowly and sadly returned home empty-handed.

The Voice Eternal in the Heavens

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to leave the men to drown. The Nazis in their hate will murder their own countrymen. Compare it with this story of our airmen off the coast of Holland, surprising a Nazi Heinkel resting on the sea. They could have destroyed it, but thinking it unsporting to "shoot a sitting bird" they covered it with their headlights, inviting it to come up and fight, and disposed of it after giving it an equal chance. Which of these two codes of conduct is to rule the world?

It is right that we should think of these things, for if this small minority is right, then the vast majority is wrong. If the man who stands idle is right, the soldier who offers his life is wrong. If we who resist the forces of evil are wrong, then those who drive these forces are right. If the Objector to the war is right, if the Pacifist Parson in his pulpit is right, then the unknown airman who wrote that beautiful letter to his mother was wrong. We have seen his portrait and we know he was not wrong. It is not possible to look into his face and believe that he was wrong. He stands as the symbol of that host of young immortals who give their lives to save the world (Objectors and Pacifist Parsons included)

from the foul grip of Satan and his hosts. He stands with St Paul for whatsoever things are lovely and of good report.

It is a pitiful and offensive thing to ask us to believe that the courage and chivalry of our crusading armies is opposed to the spirit of Our Lord. We fight with other weapons in another age and against a fouler foe, but we drive the enemy from the temple of freedom and the temple of our faith, and we do it in the name of the Lord Who sent out His followers to face perils and suffering and to maintain His kingdom, and in almost His last words to them said:

He that hath a purse, let him take it, and he that hath no sword let him sell his coat and buy one.

And so to the holy war against the evils that would overwhelm us, with the voice eternal in the heavens resounding in our hearts. He that hath no stomach for this fight, let him depart, said Henry of Agincourt; he would not die in that man's company. And he that hath no sword to strike a blow for righteousness, let him sell his coat and buy one, said the Master.

It is an assuring word for our heroes and the everlasting answer from Galilee to cowards, idlers, and traitors everywhere.

Arthur Mee

Little News Reels

Probably the first memorial of the war in this country is a pair of gates to be erected at Little Missenden church to mark the deliverance of the Forces from Dunkirk.

About 20 members of the Southern Railway have been given medals for outstanding conduct since the war began.

Boys of Norwich High School are to "adopt" one of the French soldiers under General de Gaulle.

Lancashire's public libraries report 13,000 more book borrowers since the war began.

A friendly challenge has been issued by the Mayor of Maidstone to the Mayor of Tunbridge Wells as to which town could raise most money to help the war.

Owing to the blockade of Holland English bulb growers are doing more business; one Spalding firm has despatched 800,000 bulbs to America.

The repairers of the Poole lifeboat which went to Dunkirk have refused to make any charge for their work.

The Buckton minister who first thought of the idea of the Wayside Pulpit has passed on; he was the Revd H. H. Johnson.

We hear of a Worcestershire farmer's daughter who was given a penny for every 20 butterflies she caught on her father's cabbage; she and her brother caught 3000 and sent the money to buy screws for Spitfires.

The hamlet of Old Wives Lees near Canterbury has provided its A R P workers with steel helmets and first-aid haversacks.

A Cheltenham farmer manages to feed his chickens on scraps left by picnickers on his land.

Guide and Scout News Reel

Prince Emanuel, Chief Scout of Liechtenstein, one of the tiniest countries in Europe, has sent a special message of sympathy to the Scouts of Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Luxembourg, and Norway.

Scouts of the Fribourg Canton of Switzerland have undertaken to organise a voluntary labour corps of all young people between 15 and 20 for farm work.

Girls who can read Morse are urgently required for public service, and it is said that such girls are almost entirely recruited from the Guides.

A few Belgian boy refugees in London are forming the nucleus of a federated Scout Group in Westminster, and it is hoped to reopen Belgian Scout activities and establish a centre in London.

Preston-on-Wye Guides are doing odd jobs for farmers and villagers, and are sending the money they earn to the Red Cross.

Durham Guides have produced and delivered many thousands of leaflets explaining to housewives how to save their waste material.

Leicester Scouts have volunteered to help in the gardens of men who are serving with the Forces where the women are unable to do the work.

THINGS SEEN

Two French officers, exhausted in an open boat, waving for help from the English coast.

Three hundred Belgian fishermen carrying on their work from an English port.

Scarlet runners growing in the courtyard of St James's Palace.

AMERICA FACING THE BARBARIANS

THE long-standing friendship between the United States and Canada is rapidly being cemented into something stronger still.

In the face of the Nazi threat to civilised countries the rulers of these two freedom-loving nations have taken counsel and decided to set up a Permanent Joint Board of Defence which will be concerned with every kind of preparation to resist attack on the whole of North America.

On this Board will sit members of the fighting services of both countries, while we may be sure that munitions and supplies will receive attention.

Both from the British and the American point of view the work

of this Board cannot end on the actual coastline. There must follow something more, for America is vitally interested in the Panama Canal, and its security can be made sure by naval and air bases on the West Indian Islands. The bigger islands of Cuba and Hispaniola are, of course, closely linked up with the United States, but seaward of these lie the Bahamas, the Leeward, and the Windward Islands curving round to Trinidad, an island which lies in the southern gate to the Caribbean Sea, into which the Canal emerges.

Most of these islands are British, and Mr Winston Churchill has offered to lease bases on them to the USA for the defence of the whole of North America against the Barbarians.

Beech Nut is Good For You

WILL not some enterprising person show us how to use all the virtues of that neglected product of our woods, the beech nut, and bring it to the shops?

It is good to hear that it will be harvested for greater use as pig and poultry food this autumn, but we do not doubt that much of the beechmast will be wasted, and in any event it is much too good to be left out of human food, war or no war. It yields 20 per cent of oil as good as the best olive oil, which is so expensive, and it lasts longer. It contains vitamins of the B group which the Government is going to put back into white bread (after it has been milled out of the grain of

wheat!), and vitamins A and I also. It is as good as the almond (which again is expensive) in tissue-building protein, and more than twice as good as the brazil in energy-giving carbohydrates. Among common nuts it is one of the best sources of calcium, needed for healthy bones and teeth, and it contains iron, magnesium, phosphorus, sodium, and sulphur, all needed by the body in daily doses.

Over 200 years ago a sum of £20,000 was raised to make oil from beechmast for use in the wool industry in Worcestershire and elsewhere, but the effort failed. There is a book about this scheme in the British Museum.

A Sad Day on Hindhead

THE passing of Mrs Tyndall at Hindhead last week brings to mind one of the most pathetic tragedies of the last generation.

It is 48 years since Professor Tyndall died, full of years and honour, in the house he built on the summit of Hindhead.

He did not marry until he was 56, when he found the ideal partner of his joys and labours in a daughter of Lord Claud Hamilton. They built a home at Haslemere for their old age, and here they were living

when his health broke down. As an old man of 70 he suffered much from insomnia, and in December 1893 his loving wife, by a terrible mischance, gave him a fatal dose of an opiate for his sleeplessness. The professor realised it too late, and a few of his last words are among the saddest ever spoken: "Darling, you have killed your John."

His widow lived in the same house for nearly half a century after this sad day, dying last week at 95.

Blackout Reflections

ONE of our readers went out into the darkened road to judge the effects of his Blackout, and after a minute or two a policeman, shod with silence, came up behind him exclaiming, as he pointed to a window, "You've got a disgraceful light there, sir: I shall have to—"

"What? Report a light from a room that is in darkness?" interrupted our friend. Together the two entered the house, and, truly

enough, there was the room without a glimmer of light.

A little maid was the cause of the trouble. She had blacked out perfectly in a house across the way, but, the night being hot, had opened her lighted kitchen into the garage joining it. The light from the kitchen shone through the glass of the garage doors and was reflected in the windows across the road. This shows how careful we must be.

Victory Bells

The 13 bells that will be hung in the great tower of Liverpool Cathedral in time to ring in Victory are now safely on the site near the blacksmith's shop, within range of the travelling crane which will lift them into position when the time comes.

The tenor bell weighs four tons, the biggest bell in England; and each bell has an inscription of praise or thanksgiving, such as, Sing we merrily unto God our strength; Be joyful, all ye that are true of heart; and Every day will I give thanks unto Thee.

SOMALILAND

After a fortnight's gallant resistance to vastly superior forces the British forces have been evacuated from Somaliland with the loss of only two guns.

While regretting this retreat, which was entirely due to the French surrender, we must realise that in a world war it is often wise to withdraw from outposts of merely sentimental value like British Somaliland.

With its nomad population of about five to the square mile, British Somaliland has been always more a liability than an asset to us, and its famous Camel Corps will be available to fight their Italian foes with more effect elsewhere.

A Look At Some Queer Fish

THE tropical fish at Marineland, Florida's magnificent aquarium and underwater photographic studio, must be the most pampered fish in the world. A complete air-conditioning and automatic heating system has just been completed to make them feel at home.

One of our travelling correspondents writes to tell us of this unique oceanarium, where all kinds of marine creatures live together, not separated by species as is usually the case. Best of all our correspondent liked the playful porpoises, which were taking great delight in teasing the turtles; they would root these clumsy creatures out from behind rocks and push them all round the

aquarium! The visitor noticed that when the porpoises rolled to the surface they breathed air through a blow hole on the top of their heads.

Held in awe by all is the latest boarder, the biggest Giant Manta Ray ever to be displayed alive, a monster with a wing-spread of 13 feet and weighing over half a ton. As it flaps its way across the coral the small reef fish scurry for shelter.

From one of the portholes which look on to this marine world our correspondent saw a 500-pound jewfish swallowing a three-foot ground shark whole; but her worst moment was when she came face to face with a mammoth tiger shark!

A LITTLE SPEECH

After listening to a National Savings Committee speaker on an outdoor cinema van an old woman purchased 100 worth of savings stamps, making this little speech:

This is my first old-age pension. I've only drawn it today, but after that appeal I want to lend it to you. It will help to pay for the war against that evil man Hitler.

REFUGEE HOUSE

In the north of London a few Belgian refugees have taken a villa.

A medical student does the shopping, a locksmith is cook, a man from a military college does the washing-up, an air pilot keeps the accounts, a philosopher acts as chambermaid, while a handy-man does all that nobody else can do.

The Voice of Young America

SIXTEEN National Organisations with a membership of 30 million young people, including white people and Negroes, Scouts, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, have recently issued a call to their members in which we hear echoed the great heart of America, in which we see mirrored the splendid unity of her people.

This statement supports what we were saying in the C.N. the other day—that Nazism is a return to the age-old slavery from which humanity has risen to the freedom of democracy; and these are some of the points to which these 30 million young Americans subscribe,

and to which British hearts respond as surely as do those across the seas:

To be vigilant and courageous in maintaining human sympathy and respect for the rights of others;

To beware of the enemies of democracy, whatever their passwords or places of birth, and wherever they may be found;

To stand united with all lovers of freedom, whatever their tongue or origin;

To keep our nation strong in valour, and confident in freedom, so that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

1000 CLIMBS

M. Fritz Steuri, a Swiss guide, has climbed the Jungfrau for the thousandth time.

This beautiful mountain was first climbed in 1811, and the feat has always been regarded as dangerous.

It has taken M. Steuri 36 years to complete his climbs, and he has succeeded because he never underrated the task.

We hope his health and strength will enable him to continue.

IN LOVE WITH BERKSHIRE

This note on the new volume on Berkshire is from the *Eastleigh Weekly News*.

The style in which Arthur Mee writes of Berkshire puts us in love with that county; in fact, of all County books (and there are hosts of them) I have never read or handled one nicer than this. Berkshire is one of a series called *The King's England*, and if I follow my inclinations and life should prove long enough I shall certainly acquaint myself with every number.

Paul Satko's Ark

It is three years since Paul Satko and his family began to build a boat at Richmond in Virginia. It was such a queer-looking craft that the neighbours christened it the Ark.

Although Paul had had no work for years he refused to accept public relief, and his wife and their seven children lived as simply as possible and saved every penny to put into their boat. They dreamed of the time when they would be able to start a new life in a new land.

At last the Ark was finished. It was loaded on to a truck, and away the nine Satkos went on the first part of their journey—to Alaska! They crossed the continent to Tacoma, and there launched their craft and set sail for the Far North. They had several adventures, once running aground, and another time having to wait for about a month while Seattle marine authorities decided whether or not the Ark was seaworthy.

At last they were allowed to leave, and the other day, after a 97-day voyage, the Ark cast anchor at Juneau, the territorial capital of Alaska. Hardly had the enterprising father stepped ashore when he was offered a job as a welder and machiner, his regular trade! The three long years of pinching and toiling had been rewarded.

THE GULL AND THE BOMB

We are told that observers have noted that when enemy planes are approaching the south-eastern shores of this country, flying so high that they can be but faintly heard and their direction is difficult to follow, the seagulls fly out to sea, and when their machines are driven back the birds return home.

The captain of one of our ships once noticed that one gull did not return with the others, and gives this explanation. This gull knows about bombing, and learned the other day that when a bomb explodes in the water it kills fish, and he is not only smart but lazy.

TWO BROTHERS OF TEXAS

We like this story of two brothers in Houston, Texas.

Leroy Mouser is 15 and Edward is 10, and they have a little shoe-blackening business, and every morning they take the first coins they earn and put them in the nearest Red Cross box.

ANY OLD GAMES?

The Women's Voluntary Services are needing for evacuees all sorts of equipment for games. If you have any old footballs, cricket balls, bats and stumps, ping-pong, darts, draughts, chess, and so on (but most of all footballs), please give them to Carter Paterson with a label to Mrs McCall, Public Library, Church Street, Stoke Newington, N 16.

THE BEES FORGET THEIR QUARREL

New season's honey now in process of collection lends a special interest to some facts collected by Professor H. S. Conard on the life of the bee. One of them is that a queen bee may lay 2500 eggs a day and will continue for two, three, four, or even five years in the business.

A more entertaining fact was given to the professor by an old beekeeper who was speaking of the furious fights sometimes taking place between the workers of the same hive. If they start fighting, he explained, he took a spoonful of flour and dusted it into the hive. Then the bees got so busy cleaning each other that they forgot all about their quarrel. There is a moral in this.

IN ONE HOUR

4600 human beings on earth die and 5400 are born.

54 million pounds of potatoes, 21 million pounds of vegetables and salads, 6 million pounds of meat, the same quantity of fish, 3 million eggs, and about 30 million loaves are eaten.

10,000 tons of sugar are used, 180 tons of tobacco, 130,000 tons of coal, 160,000 barrels of petroleum are produced or worked up; 5000 new cars leave the factories; 40 miles of film is used by the film industry.

1200 million letters and parcels circulate round the globe.

115,000 telegrams are dispatched. 1800 thunderstorms burst.

The earth travels 1104 miles round the sun.

400,000 shooting stars and small meteorites fall on the earth.

Harvest Time

This year many schoolboys, like the Oldham lad seen on the right, are helping farmers to gather in the crops.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Take up the main crop of onions when ripe and spread in the sun on dry ground or gravel till dry for housing. Plant out successions of green curled and Batavian endive, and tie up for blanching all sufficiently advanced.

Lawns need constant attention, and flower-beds should have dead flowers removed.

Airways of the Future

IN the high levels of the atmosphere is a serene region very little troubled by winds which seems the ideal channel for the Transatlantic planes of the future to follow. This high region of the stratosphere is the object of continual investigation by sounding balloons, and the latest results come from the Indian Meteorological Department.

On their behalf Mr W. Chiplonkar has sent up a number of balloons equipped with self-registering instruments from regions in India's tropical zone. Ten have gone up from Poona about 1000 miles north of the Equator and 16 from Agra

farther north. Of these 22 have been sent up between November and April when the sun was below the horizon and there was therefore no solar radiation to influence the thermometers on the balloons. The height reached by the balloons was from 11 to 15 miles. At 12 miles the temperature, which lower down had been falling, ceased to do so and began to rise at the rate of seven to nine degrees every 1000 yards upward.

This channel for such planes of the future which can be fitted to travel along it will therefore be windless and temperately warmed.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



A CHINESE THINKS IT OUT

MR CHIANG YEE has brought out a book describing life in a Chinese household of his boyhood days, and he tells of a festival during which the custom was to make and fly kites of all manner of fantastic shapes.

"When we reached the hill-top we could hardly find a place to stand (he says). Scores of beautiful kites were already flying and ours did not attract much attention; but my uncle had something up his sleeve; he had brought a long string of fireworks and some incense sticks."

These were sent up with the kite, and when the incense

sticks burned down to the fireworks there was joy and excitement. Mr Chiang Yee's comment on this is for us to ponder; he says:

"Now, when I think of the bombing aeroplanes, I remember our fireworks in the air and wonder why we Chinese did not follow up our invention of gunpowder by inventing bombing aeroplanes. Perhaps it was because, though we first discovered how to make gunpowder, it did not occur to us to do anything but play with it; we did not think of using it to kill others."

14 Shillings and 14 Pounds

A CORRESPONDENT writes to point out the astonishing difference in wages obtained by two men of whom he has personal knowledge because both of them were his chauffeurs. One joined the RAF; the other went into a munitions factory.

The man who joined the RAF gets 14s a week and his wife gets the usual separation allowance. His work is done at hourly risk of his life.

The man who took up munitions was paid in one week, including overtime, £14. His work is done in comparative safety.

This matter is not a personal one as between two men, but is of national importance. We are quite sure munition workers would be content with earnings that provide a proper standard of life, and that they do not ask for advantages at the expense of our fighting men or of those civilians to whom the war brings serious loss of income.

Trust in These Things

ON the wireless the other day was an interesting variation of Cromwell's Trust in God and keep your powder dry. This time it was a good counsel passed on by a broadcaster whose seafaring father brought him up in it: Trust in God and an Admiralty chart, for nothing else will see you through.

A Note From the Old Lady

WE hear of an old lady sending a pair of hand-knitted socks for the troops who tucked in the toes a little note which said (very charmingly, we think): *May you never step into temptation in these socks.*

SETTING US THINKING

NO one seems to know how many British children are at school, but this is known for the London County Council schools. Of children over five 26,400 are getting full-time schooling, 126,800 are attending half-time, 33,000 are receiving no education at all.

Unfortunately, we have to amend this statement. A child cannot avoid being educated, for its circumstances develop its faculties in some way or other, good or bad. So we must say, to be accurate, that all our children are being educated, but that probably no more than one in six is getting the training it ought to have.

It is a very serious statement, and sets us thinking of the nation's future.

JUST AN IDEA

Let us always remember that Love and tenderness and kindness are stronger than hate and brutality and unkindness.

THE GLORY OF THE EARTH BY DAY

ALL over our land we should thank God for the glorious sunlight of these days.

An hour of sunlight means for every human being a treasure that is better than gold. The riches of the poor are rare and everlasting if we only seek them; and the sun—he is our millionaire, from whom we have all that we have, to whose bright light we owe the glory of the earth by day and the moon and planets by night.

If we would know how lovely this world is we must get up with the sun and see the dawn of "one of those heavenly days that cannot die." In such an hour the sun begins his work.

He brings us the breeze from the sea, the dew on the grass, the fruits of the orchard, and the flowers of the field. With his coming in the morning the garden that looks so still is as busy as a workshop.

And a great worker he is! The day will come when the sunlight that thrills us as we stand in it, that turns the clod to glittering gold, as Shakespeare says, will change this world for all mankind, as it has changed it in the past; for this furnace that gives us heat and light and life is the power station of the world.

From this power station in the skies comes forth power in every hour that all the coal-mines in a year could never equal, and the sunlight falling on our islands every day, when we have made it drive a wheel, will be enough to do all the work of the world.

No man can conceive the full power of the heat of the sun. It is so great that if you took a glacier nearly fifty miles thick and 200,000 miles long, and shot one of these into the sun in every second of time, the sun would shrivel it up and melt it as you threw it in.

The light and heat that come from the sun go out to other worlds than ours, and the heat that reaches the earth is so little of the whole that the sun could afford to give each one of us for ourselves as much sun as the whole world gets.

We are only beginning to know the glory of this world, and it is good to think of the time that is coming. But we must get up early to be ready, for the kingdom of heaven comes with the dawn, and he who sleeps will miss it.

Evening Prayer

THOU, whose calm all-seeing Eye
Ceaseless vigil keeps,
Thou who, watching Israel,
Slumbers not nor sleeps,
Thou who guardst the sparrow's flight
Lest it drop to ground,
Guide our Airmen through the night,
Bring them homeward bound.

Marjorie Hellier

Napoleon Knock

The third part of Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*, one of the six great Epics in the world's literature (standing in this with the masterpieces of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton) traces the decline and fall of Napoleon. In one scene we meet him at the dramatic hour when he comes back from Moscow, knocking by night at the door of his wife's room at the Tuileries.

NAPOLEON (without). Holà! But by the elements; and Pray let me in! Unlock the door!

LADY-IN-WAITING. Heaven's mercy on us! What man may it be

At such an hour as this?

MARIE LOUISE. It is he!

Napoleon enters in shabby attire. The Empress is agitated, almost to fainting.

MARIE LOUISE. I scarce believe What my sight tells me! Home, and in such sad garb!

NAPOLEON. I have had great work in getting in, my dear! They failed to recognise me at the gates,

Being sceptical at my poor hackney-coach

And poorer baggage. I had to show my face

In a fierce light ere they would let me pass,

And even then they doubted till I spoke.

What think you, dear, of such a tramp-like spouse?

He warms his hands at the fire.

Ha! It is much more comfortable here

Than on the Russian plains!

MARIE LOUISE. And where is the Grand Army?

NAPOLEON. Oh, that's gone.

MARIE LOUISE. Gone? But—gone where?

NAPOLEON. Gone all to nothing, dear.

MARIE LOUISE. But some six hundred thousand I saw pass

Through Dresden, Russia-wards?

NAPOLEON. Well, those men lie—Or most of them—in layers of bleaching bones

Twixt here and Moscow. . . I have been subdued;

Not Russia, but God's sky has conquered me!

From the sublime to the ridiculous

There's but a step! I have been saying it

All through the leagues of my long journey home—

And that step has been passed in this affair! . . .

Yes, briefly, it is quite ridiculous, Whichever way you look at it.

Ha, ha!

MARIE LOUISE. But those six hundred thousand throbbing throats

That cheered me deaf at Dresden, marching east

So full of youth and spirits—al-bleached bones—

Ridiculous? Can it be so, dear, to—

Their mothers, say?

NAPOLEON. You scarcely understand.

I meant the enterprise, and not its stuff. . .

I had no wish to fight, nor Alexander,

But circumstance impaled us each on each;

The Genius who outshapes my destinies

Did all the rest! Well, leave that now.

What do they know about all this in Paris?

MARIE LOUISE. I cannot say. Black rumours fly and croak

Like ravens through the streets . . .

Defeat follows on defeat and finally, at Waterloo, Marshal Ney's messenger comes riding up to Napoleon, bloodstained and breathless, and says:

In the Country, Now—Spide

AT this season of the year, when it is fine, the air is often filled with gossamer floating about in the breeze and glinting in the sun. So fine, indeed, is this silk-like substance that a single filament of it can hardly be seen, but as it floats it becomes entangled with other threads, and so we are able to distinguish it.

It is, of course, produced by tiny spiders, which float about on the gossamer; and it is supposed that they loose the filament to float upon from place to place.

When passed out from the spinnerets of the spider this substance is a viscid glue, which quickly dries into a fine thread, and as we walk in

the country in autumn we may feel the gossamer on our face without its being visible.

The brown hairstreak and clouded yellow butterflies are on the wing, and the caterpillars of the emperor and pale tussock moths may be looked for. The larva of the emperor moth is easily recognised by reason of its bright apple-green colour and its rows of yellow and pink warts, each bearing a tuft of bristles, looking like a worn-out paintbrush. It feeds on willow, apple, heather, blackthorn, and bramble, and may be looked for on any of these.

The caterpillar of the pale tussock moth is often called by country

The Rich Man

AN old friend has just told us this story of a very rich man who was well known in Fleet Street, where he was rarely seen without his son.

They were devoted to each other and always went out together, yet the son was never permitted to walk abreast with his father; he was always kept one foot to the rear, and conversation flowed to and fro over the father's shoulder as they walked.

It was the father's habit to pay a daily visit to an office in which he was interested, where the

manager had been for 40 years and was therefore an old friend. During one of the morning calls at this office the father said to the manager: "Why are you staring? Are you looking at my overcoat?"

"Was I staring?" said the manager, frowning.

"Of course you were staring, and not only staring, but laughing. Was it at my overcoat that you laughed? Come on, I insist on knowing. What is there about my overcoat that causes you to laugh?"

Under the Editor's Table

THE savoy cabbage has been man's friend for centuries. It has a good heart.

CERTAIN people, says a newspaper, are always ready to spread false reports. We should have called them uncertain people.

A WEST END entertainer makes a radio set disappear. Wish he would come and visit our neighbours.

BURNHAM village boys are being taught bell-ringing on silenced peals. Being taught now to pull together in wartime.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a Herbalist's work is cut and dried

A PONY has collected £50 for a war fund. He has given his bit towards it.

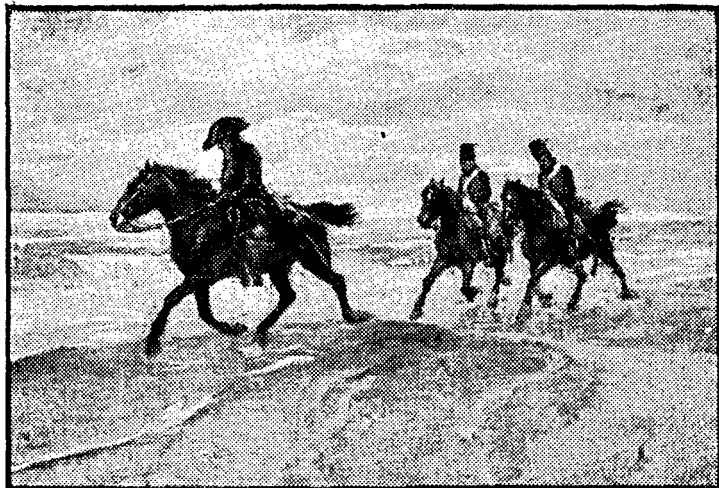
GERMANY is bragging that it has plenty to eat. Humble pie?

A DOCTOR says there is no gain for the worm in early rising. Only does it for a lark.

KITCHEN fenders are being given for scrap iron. The Old Guard.

BOOKS should not be taxed, says the Editor. Nor should a book tax the reader, says Peter Puck.

ing at the Door



Napoleon on the sands at Boulogne while preparing to invade England—From the famous picture by Meissonier

The Prince of Moscow, sire, the Marshal Ney,
Bids me implore that infantry be sent
Immediately, to further his attack.
They cannot be dispensed with, save we fail!
NAPOLEON. Infantry! Where the sacred God thinks he I can find infantry for him? Forsooth,
Does he expect me to create them—eh?
The trembling messenger can but deliver his commission, but he has seen how France must fail
Without such backing . . . Our cavalry
Lie stretched in swathes, fronting the furnace-throats
Of the English cannon as a breastwork built
Of reeking corpses. Marshal Ney's third horse
Is shot. . . But I see, Likewise, that I can claim no reinforcement,
And will return and say so.
"Life's curse begins, I see, with helplessness," says Napoleon, when the man has gone. He fain would strengthen Soul:
Within an ace
Of breaking down the English as he is,

s That Float on Gossamer

people the "hop-dog," although it is found feeding on the hop far less frequently than on the hazel, oak, and poplar. It is a very striking and beautiful caterpillar, being pale green or orange in colour, with hairs of the same colour, and four prominent tufts of yellow hair on the body and a long, red tuft behind.
Funguses are getting more plentiful than ever. On trunks and stems we may see a large fan-shaped growth of dingy yellow, with brown scales. This is the saddle-flap, and is often found growing in clusters.
The most striking fungus of all just now is the giant puffball, a large round sphere of yellowish white. It cannot be mistaken for any other

and His Son

"Well," said the manager, "since you insist, I confess that I was laughing at your overcoat, and I had better tell you why. If you will pardon my saying so, it is scarcely the coat I should expect a man of your means and position to wear."
"And, pray, why not?"
"Well, the collar reaches up to the back of your head, and, as you never carry an umbrella, the shoulders of the coat, originally grey, are now a positive green."
The father turned to his son, exclaiming, "Why was I not told of this?" and then, staring aghast

at his son's coat, he said, "Why, your coat is worse than mine; take it off at once!"

To the manager he said, "I have you two sheets of brown paper? Kindly have our coats wrapped up. Come along, son."

Then, coatless, the two walked off to a tailor's in the Strand, where the father bought two ready-made coats, and late in the afternoon they reappeared at the office in their new garments and collected the old coats, each marching off with a brown paper parcel under his arm.

The City Fair Shall Rise

COMFORT, O free and true!
Soon shall there rise for you
A City fairer far than all ye plan;
Built on a rock of strength,
It shall arise at length,
Stately and fair and vast, the
City meet for Man!

Now, while days come and go,
Doth the fair City grow,
Surely its stones are laid in
sun and moon.
Wise men and pure prepare
Ever this City fair.
Comfort, O ye that weep; it
shall arise full soon.

Robert Buchanan

If a Tyrant Comes

If a tyrant's hand descends on
England, a conqueror with his
armies, let none think to escape.
None, say I. Is there one of English
blood who while he lives will feel
the joy as heretofore of primroses
in spring, the scent of summer
meadows, the carolling of birds, the
good fellowship of market day?
The very laughter of our children
will be hollow. We shall be a
different people. Mr Speaker, we
are not of different fibre from our
forebears.

William Pitt

UNSEARCHABLE

I LIFT my glass when daylight
waned
To search the stars of light,
And wonder, wonder what re-
mains
Far, far beyond my sight.

I take another lens in hand,
This time to search a flower;
O Christ, if I could understand
The workings of Thy power!

E. E. Trusted

Stay Us in This Felicitie

O THOU, who of Thy own free
grace didst build up this
Britannick Empire to a glorious
and enviable height, with all her
daughter islands about her, stay
us in this felicitie.

Milton

I Swear Tis Better to be
Lowly Born

I SWEAR tis better to be lowly
born,
And range with humble livers in
content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering
grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Shakespeare

EVERY MAN'S DUTY

IN time of public danger it is
every man's duty to withdraw
his thoughts in some measure
from his private interest, and employ
part of his time for the general
welfare.

In a battle every man should fight
as if he were the single champion;
in preparations for war every man
should think as if the last event
depended on his counsel. None
can tell what discoveries are within
his reach, or how much he may
contribute to the public safety.
Whether our troops are defective
in discipline or in courage is not
very useful to inquire; they want
something necessary to success, and
he that shall supply that want will
deserve well of his country.

Samuel Johnson

Patience Can Endure

THOU art coming! We are
waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure!

Frances Ridley Havergal



CARRY ON

THE 100-POINT MAN

THE other day I wrote to a banker
friend inquiring as to the
responsibility of a certain person.
The answer came back thus: *He
is a Hundred-Point man in every-
thing and anything he undertakes.*

I read the telegram and pinned
it up over my desk where I could
see it. That night it sort of stuck
in my memory. I dreamed of it.
The next day I showed the message
to a fellow I know pretty well, and
said, "I'd rather have that said of
me than to be called a great this
or that."

A Hundred-Point man is one
who is true to every trust; who
keeps his word; who is loyal to
the firm that employs him; who
does not listen for insults nor look
for slights; who carries a civil
tongue in his head; who is polite
to strangers without being "fresh";
who is considerate towards ser-
vants; who is moderate in his
eating and drinking; who is willing
to learn; who is cautious and yet
courageous.

Hundred-Point men may vary
very much in ability, but this is
always true—they are safe men to
deal with, whether drivers of drays,
motor-men, clerks, cashiers, engi-
neers, or presidents of railroads.

The Hundred-Point man may not
look just like all other men, or dress
like them, or talk like them, but
what he does is true to his own
nature. He is himself.

He is more interested in doing
his work than in what people will

say about it. He does not consider
the gallery. He acts his thoughts
and thinks little of the act.

I never saw a Hundred-Point
man who was not one brought up
from early youth to make himself
useful, and to economise in the
matter of time and money.

Nature intended that we should
all be poor—that we should earn
our bread every day before we eat
it.

When you find the Hundred-
Point man you will find one who
lives like a person in moderate
circumstances, no matter what his
finances are. Every man who
thinks he has the world by the tail
and is about to snap its head off
for the delectation of mankind is
unsafe, no matter how great his
genius in the line of specialties.

The Hundred-Point man is one
who does not spend money until
he earns it, who pays his way, who
knows that nothing is ever given
for nothing, who keeps his digits
off other people's property. When
he does not know what to say, he
says nothing, and when he does not
know what to do, he does not do it.

How would it do for a college to
give one degree, and one only, to
those who are worthy—the degree
of H P?

Would it not be worth striving
for, to have a college president say
to you, over his own signature:
"He is a Hundred-Point man in
everything and anything that he
undertakes!"

Elbert Hubbard

Lest We Forget

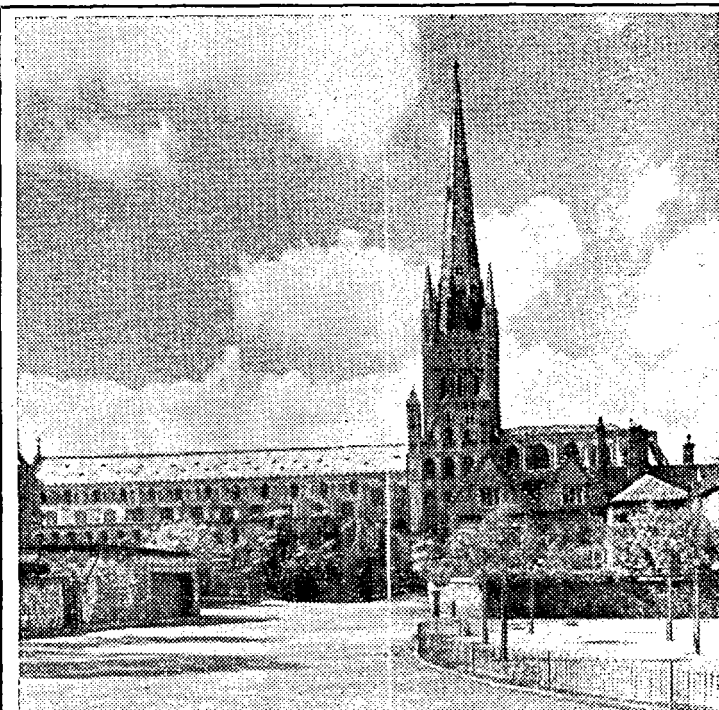
GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we
loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee
in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us
yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her
trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to
guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Rudyard Kipling



The superb cathedral, Crown of the City of Norwich, with its wonderful Norman tower and 15th-century spire soaring 315 feet above the streets

Mighty Russia's Millions

ONE IN ELEVEN OF THE WORLD'S PEOPLE

SOVIET RUSSIA has now absorbed into her dominions nearly the whole of the territories which Tsarist Russia lost through the Great War.

Russia had such an enormous territory in 1914 that to measure her war losses by area makes little impression on the mind. Sweeping across the world, from the Baltic to the Behring Sea, she possessed 8,500,000 square miles of the earth's land area, 2,100,000 miles in Europe and 6,400,000 in Asia. The war and the peace cut away about 300,000 square miles, leaving Russia with roundly 8,200,000, one-seventh of all the world's land.

Russia and the Sea

But the loss of the 300,000 square miles meant much more than these figures suggest.

Russia's age-old ambition was to gain access to the sea. Great as her territory was, she was almost entirely land-locked, her only ports being those of the Baltic on the west and the Pacific waters on the east. Thus, what access she had to great waters was icebound for part of the year. Seaports mean so much to any people that we need not wonder that Russia cherished sea ambitions.

When, therefore, the World War took from her Finland, Russian Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia, Russia was almost entirely shut from tide-water.

In the west she was left with what has been called "a window on the Baltic." That window, Leningrad, is at the inland extremity of the Gulf of Finland. It is no more

than a window far removed from the sea.

Hence Russia's policy in taking advantage of this European War to regain what was lost in the last. She has obtained a little territory and the use of important seaports by war on Finland. In agreement with Germany she has added to White Russia and the Ukraine. Rumania, without a struggle, has yielded Bessarabia.

The Gain in Population

If we look at the map we see that these changes have added to Soviet Russia a nearly continuous slice of European territory stretching from the Gulf of Finland on the north to the Black Sea on the south. So the Russian area has been almost restored to its old area of 8,500,000 square miles. All of it was Russian before the Great War; all of it is now under Soviet rule, which means that it has become part of various Socialist Republics federated in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The word Soviet, we may remind ourselves, means a Council of Workers. The U.S.S.R. sees itself as a Federation of Republics, each made up of Soviets or Councils. Many races are included in this mighty empire.

Soviet Russia has now nearly 200,000,000 people, 23,000,000 added in the great changes of the past twelve months.

As the whole world's people is about 2,200,000,000, we see that about one in eleven is within the far-flung Soviet boundary, and each year that passes adds about four millions.

A Good Word From the Business World

We use this from a leaflet which has been sent out by the Sidcup Chamber of Commerce to help the people to play their part.

Put into your task, whatever it may be, all the courage and purpose of which you are capable. Keep your hearts proud and your resolve unshaken. Let us go forward to that task as one man, a snifle on our lips and our heads held high, and with God's help we shall not fail.

THE KING

In days of tension forget yourself in helping your neighbours. Give them friendship. This casts out your own fears and worries. Help them to carry out all Government instructions about air-raids, evacuation, rationing, and waste as thoroughly as you do yourself.

Keep the standards of the nation high. Don't weaken the Home Front by trying to wangle something for yourself on the quiet. Make a break with all the personal

indulgence and selfishness which undermine national morale and unity. Everybody has his part to play in the moral rearmament of the nation.

Bea Rumour-Stopper. Those who love their country sacrifice the luxury of being the ones to pass on the news. Any patriot shoots a rumour dead on sight. Face the facts, but don't exaggerate them. Prepare to meet them instead.

Faith, confidence, and cheerfulness are as contagious as fear, depression, or grumbling. Be certain which you are spreading; there is so much you can do to give people fresh heart and courage.

The secret of steadiness and inner strength is to listen to God and do what He says. God speaks directly to the heart of every man and woman who is prepared to listen and obey. His voice can be heard wherever you are—in the home, the factory, the air-raid shelter, the first-aid post.

The Electron Microscope

The most wonderful microscope photograph yet made was taken recently with an electron microscope, which focuses electrons to form an image just as the ordinary microscope focuses light rays. This picture was taken of particles of carbon magnified 100,000 diameters, or ten thousand million times in area.

The ordinary microscope can magnify only to about 2000 diameters, so the electron microscope is fifty times more powerful. But it is also about a hundred times more costly to build, stands about ten times as high, and weighs a hundred times as much; it needs, of course, a highly trained operator to manipulate it.

651 people last year received the Royal Humane Society medal or testimonial for saving 585 lives.

Waxing the Vegetables

Wax flowers and fruits no longer decorate the drawing-room as in Victorian days, but, all unknown to most people, waxed fruit and vegetables appear on the sideboard of the dining-room. Following successful experiments in improving and preserving the oranges of California and Florida, by covering them with a thin film of wax, the treatment is now being extended to vegetables such as carrots, cucumbers, and turnips. The vegetables are dipped into a foamy bath of soap and paraffin wax, and come out covered with a drying film of wax, about a hundred-thousandth of an inch thick. Thin as it is, the film answers well with nearly all root vegetables except parsnips.

Wakefield City Council have decided to buy a cwt of barley sugar sweets for children during air raids in school hours.

MANAGING A GREAT NATION

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. When we talked of growing food, and of how little work, with good machines, is needed to feed us, you promised to tell me about work's effect on society.

Man. The first thing to notice is that the nature of work matters everything to the worker and the nation. Because this was not realised, the England that so rapidly turned farm workers into factory workers sacrificed the health of millions, and did it so thoroughly that even today many sad results remain with us.

Boy. But must industrial work be bad for us?

Man. By no means! Reasonable hours of work, in a well lighted, well ventilated factory, with properly guarded, uncrowded machines, may create conditions of health while producing much wealth for the worker to share. But other good things must accompany the good factory.

Boy. What are they?

Man. If a worker spends seven or eight hours a day working in a healthy factory, that leaves 16 or 17 hours of his day to account for. That brings us to his home and his means of recreation. I fear that for many in our time the factory, if imperfect, is less faulty than the town in which the worker lives. When we approach a town by train, too often we find ourselves plunging into gloom and see narrow streets, robbed of sunlight, with chimneys of both works and houses pouring out vapour and grime, representing waste.

Boy. It must be bad to sleep for eight hours or so in a small bedroom into which the sun cannot enter. How did it all happen?

Man. For long, it was held not to be the nation's business to interfere with factory work or house building. People very largely did what they liked and the idea of government interference and prohibition grew slowly. The accepted idea was that a government's business was not to interfere. It was not until quite recent times that people were compelled to build safe factories and healthy homes. And even today the laws of building are very modest.

Boy. Is that because we have not builders enough?

Man. Yes; the men in the building trade are not nearly enough to rebuild our towns and make them thoroughly healthy. There is no authority yet to arrange how the labour power of the nation shall be divided up. All that is still largely left to chance.

Boy. But wouldn't it be very difficult so to manage the nation as to get the important things done.

Man. All things worth doing present difficulties, but the wonderful things we are doing in the war prove that we can, if we have the will, work industrial miracles. Just as the island is now being made a fortress, so in the time to come we can fill it with healthy workplaces and comfortable healthy homes. The truth is that it is easier to build for peace than to build for war, but we have not yet learned to apply to the arts of peace the enthusiasm we find for the arts of war.

Boy. What would be the first step in managing things?

Man. One of the first might well be putting all building in the hands of a ministry. Indeed, it is stated that the Government has such a plan in hand. To build a New England! It sounds good, and how England needs it!

The Country Doctor Sees the Town Child

THE annual reports of the school medical officers for those counties which have become reception areas should prove of great value to all concerned with the future fitness of our race. For the first time the country doctors have been examining the town children.

In his report the School Medical Officer for Kent writes of the jolt given to the national conscience by certain facts which call urgently for reform. The first is the lack of personal cleanliness due not so much to carelessness or ignorance as to housing and financial circumstances. This is an evil well known to social workers, who in the better world for which we are fighting will certainly be backed by all who have had first-hand experience of this evil.

More cheering is the general confirmation by actual measurements that children who have not

had a proper chance to build up resistance to disease have benefited by fresh air and good food. In spite of our poverty at the end of the war, the provision of holiday camps will, if we take a long view (as we always should where children are concerned), be a national necessity.

Dr Constant Ponder ends this Kent report by quoting Mr Chamberlain's declaration that the world will not be the same world that we have known before, deep changes inevitably leaving their marks on every field of men's thought and action; and he speaks for many other school doctors when he declares:

"I believe that there is no field of action more needing our ever-watchful attention than the education and health of our children. We in the school medical service have a vital responsibility in the future welfare of the race."



The Princesses at Home

A delightful portrait study of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose from a book by Studio Lisa, "Our Princesses at Home," to be published in aid of the Red Cross Fund

Wonderful Facts About You

31. The Wonder of Swallowing and Drinking

Swallowing is not the simple thing many people suppose, just a falling down the throat of the food from the mouth. When mastication is completed the food is collected into a mass, which rests on the back of the tongue and is carried backward to the opening leading into the pharynx, a funnel-shaped bag with muscular walls. Through this it is thrust, the soft palate being lifted and its pillars being brought together, while the backward movement of the tongue propels the mass and causes the epiglottis to incline backward, so that a bridge is formed by which the food can travel over the opening of the air-passage without risk of falling into it. Drink is taken in the same way. It does not run down the gullet, but each gulp is grasped like the food and passed down. That is why jugglers can drink standing on their heads.

32. How the Skin Regulates the Body's Heat

The skin regulates the heat of the body. Outside heat, as in the case of a warm bath, causes the nerves to send a message to the brain, and a return message causes the blood-vessels to expand. More blood passes through them, and there is greater activity of the sweat glands, which give off more perspiration and thus get rid of the waste products more rapidly. Cold, on the other hand, acts in a reverse way, diminishing the supply of blood and lessening the perspiration given off. It is the evaporation of perspiration from the skin surface that aids largely in the regulation of temperature. The sweat, as a fluid, evaporates and passes off into the air, and thus removes a certain amount of heat from the body, thereby cooling the body at large. On an average a man's body gives off two pounds of sweat a day.

August 31, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE MEDICINE MAN

A Complete Story of African Adventure, by T. C. Bridges

YOUNG Johnny Bain, busy loading a very old and leaky dugout, looked up into the red, angry face of a large man who stood above him on the muddy bank of the African river.

"What are you doing with that canoe?"

"You told me to go, didn't you, Mr Crowle?" he asked.

"I didn't tell you to take one of my canoes," retorted the big man fiercely.

"The boat is mine," said Johnny.

"Nothing of the sort. It belongs to the firm. Get out of it or I'll pull you out."

Johnny faced the big brute. "How do you expect me to leave here without a boat?"

"Walk," was the sneering answer.

"Walk!" repeated Johnny. "A hundred and fifty miles through the bush. And no carriers. You know it's impossible."

"Possible or impossible, you'll go. And you'll go today, or I'll know the reason why." He turned and stamped back into the store which was only a few yards inland from the broad, yellow stream.

Callers

JOHNNY BAIN was only fourteen but had been in Africa for three years. He was the nephew of Luke Bain, late manager of the trading post at Pindi, on the Kilvu River. His uncle had died of fever and Johnny, having no other relations, had stayed on.

Johnny was a nice-mannered boy who got on well with the natives, and it was for this very reason that Jabez Crowle, the new manager, had taken a violent dislike to him. Now he had turned him adrift without a penny and with little more than the clothes he stood up in. Johnny wondered if any chap had ever been in a worse fix.

As he stood there, under the blazing African sun, racking his brains for some way out, a new sound reached him. It was the put-put of a launch engine. A minute or two later a large white-painted launch came into sight and turned in towards the landing.

Johnny stared. He could hardly believe his eyes. For this was no ordinary trading launch. A tall

white man wearing a solar helmet was steering, and a girl—an English girl of about Johnny's own age—stood beside him.

Johnny looked round for Crowle, but the manager was not in sight. So when the launch came in only Johnny was on the landing. He caught the painter and made it fast and the tall man stepped ashore.

"My name is Ritson," he said pleasantly. "Is this Pindi?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny answered.

"Is Mr Bain here?"

"He's dead, sir," blurted out Johnny.

"Dead! I'm sorry. I met him often at Lagos. Who is manager now?"

"A man named Crowle," Johnny answered.

Mr Ritson looked hard at him.

"You don't like him?"

"He doesn't like me, sir. He's just sacked me."

"Tell me," said the other, and Johnny told him. Only just in time. He had hardly finished before Crowle came hurrying, with a scowl on his thick face. Mr Ritson's lips tightened.

"Mr Crowle," he said curtly, "I had meant to buy stores here, but, after hearing this boy's story, the quicker I leave the better I shall be pleased." He had Johnny aboard and had cast off before Crowle got his breath back.

A New Job

JOHNNY, hardly knowing whether he was awake or dreaming, found himself being introduced to Sylvia Ritson. Sylvia was tall, brown as a berry, pretty, and looked capable. How capable Johnny was to find later. She had listened to his story and was as indignant as her father. Johnny tried to thank them both but they would not listen.

"You're going to earn your keep, young fellow," said Mr Ritson genially. "We've a job before us.

Ever hear of a chief called Kamadu?"

"Yes, I've heard of him. He has a big kraal on Deep Creek, 50 miles up. A good man, they say."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Mr Ritson. "Kamadu has a carved emerald. I have never seen it, but feel sure it is a relic from old Egypt. He wishes to sell it, but not for money. He has asked for medicines, gardening tools, and other useful things of which our hold is full. I hope he will trade."

"He'll trade," Johnny said quickly. "Kamadu wants to get rid of it. If Crowle heard of it he'd be after it like a shot, and he wouldn't pay for it."

"Then the sooner the job is done the better. Tell me, Johnny, do you speak any of the native languages?"

"Some of them," said Johnny modestly.

"Then you'll be worth your weight in gold to us," returned the other warmly.

The launch was fast and well found and her crew of three native boys did their work well. Dusk found them in the mouth of Deep Creek, and there they tied up for the night. Next day they pushed on up to Kamadu's kraal and went ashore.

Kamadu welcomed them in his big dome-shaped hut. He was a tall, dignified man who had had some schooling at Lagos. He spoke English and was very anxious to improve the lot of his very uncivilised people. He was delighted with the goods that Mr Ritson had brought, and at once handed over the emerald. Mr Ritson's eyes shone as he examined it.

"Yes, it's Egyptian," he declared. "I never saw anything like it before. It's very valuable, Chief."

"Too valuable," replied the chief quietly. "I shall be glad to be rid of it. Take it away as soon as possible; there are others who know its value and would rob you if they could."

"So I have heard," replied Mr Ritson. "We will leave tomorrow."

"The chief was jolly well right," Johnny said, as they walked down the narrow bush path to the landing. "Did you spot the medicine man, Mr Ritson?"

"That nasty-looking fellow with a lot of bones hung round his neck?"

"That's the man. His name is Zamba, and he's bad. He's after that stone."

"I'm not worrying about the sorcerer. Kamadu is his boss and he can't do much harm. But we'll leave in the morning."

Johnny's Dream

As they got aboard Mr Ritson handed the emerald to Johnny. "Hide it," he said. "And don't tell me where you put it."

Though the launch was anchored in mid-stream there was no breeze and the heat was sweltering. Johnny slept on deck and soon was sound asleep.

He had a horrid dream. He dreamed that a lion had jumped on him from a thicket and was pressing him flat with its great paws. He woke to find it was no dream. A man was kneeling on him, and a hard hand on his mouth prevented him from crying out. The voice that spoke hoarsely in his ear was Crowle's.

"Make a sound and it'll be your last," the man threatened.

He swung the boy up in his huge arms, carried him across the deck, and dropped him into a boat alongside. Sousa, Crowle's half-breed clerk, caught him. The boat moved silently towards the shore, and Johnny was dragged up the bank and in among the trees, where

a small fire was burning. Crowle stood over him.

"Where's that emerald?" he demanded. Johnny's eyes were steady as he stared back into the brute's face.

"You can kill me, but I won't tell you," he said firmly.

"Think you're a little hero, don't you?" Crowle sneered. "Tie him up, Sousa."

With a grin on his yellow face, Sousa tore off Johnny's shirt and tied him tightly to a tree. Instantly clouds of mosquitoes settled on his bare skin.

"When you're ready to talk you can call us," Crowle said wickedly. He and Sousa had hammocks slung with nets over them. They got into these and lay comfortably.

Johnny was in torment. He could not move to brush off the savage insects. He felt as if every inch of his skin were afire. The agony was almost unbearable. Minutes dragged by. He heard Crowle snoring. He tightened his lips and vowed he would die before he betrayed his trust.

Out of the Frying Pan

HE heard a faint rustle in the darkness behind him. There was a voice in his ear. A native speaking. "Keep silence!" it ordered.

He felt the cords drop away; a pair of powerful hands seized him, he was lifted and carried swiftly away. He heard the jingle of a bone necklace, and knew he was in the grip of the medicine man Zamba. The trees opened, a conical hut loomed up in a clearing. Zamba carried Johnny in and dropped him on the floor. A palm oil lamp lit the ugly place, the walls of which were hung with hideous masks, snake skin, and the like. But all this was familiar to Johnny: it didn't frighten him. Zamba spoke. "Where is the emerald?" he demanded.

"Crowle has asked me that already and I wouldn't tell him. Do you think I will tell you?"

A savage light glowed in Zamba's fierce eyes. "I can make you tell, white boy. I will tie you here and you shall go without food or water until you speak."

Johnny said nothing, and Zamba tied him to a post in the centre of the hut, then sat on a leopard skin on the floor and glared at him. Johnny closed his eyes to shut out the ugly sight.

A long time passed, then Johnny heard Zamba move. He opened his eyes and saw the wizard standing at the door, looking out. Suddenly he was gone in the velvet darkness.

Johnny began to struggle to free himself, but it was useless. Soon he heard a slight sound. Zamba was coming back. Aching all over, Johnny slumped against the post. "Johnny!" came a whisper.

Sylvia stood in the doorway. She had a knife in her hand. Johnny gasped.

"Get away!" he said urgently.

"Zamba's coming!"

"So are you," replied Sylvia, and, stepping into the hut, sliced away the cords.

Johnny was so cramped he could hardly move. Sylvia caught him by the arm and pulled him out. A late moon had risen and it wasn't so dark as it had been.

"I've got our boat," Sylvia whispered. "Come on!"

"Wait!" said Johnny in a low voice. "Someone's coming. It's Zamba. We'll have to hide. But where?"

Johnny looked round. At one side of the clearing was a huge wild fig. Its vast branches swept the ground. He pointed to it and the two moved silently into its black shadow.

"Can you climb?" Johnny whispered.

"Try me," Sylvia answered, and Johnny led the way. In a minute or two they were high in the branches, completely hidden.

Beneath, a black shadow crossed the glade. Zamba entered the hut. At once he was out again. Johnny held his breath. He knew the cleverness of the man and feared him more than Crowle. Zamba cast round; he was looking for tracks, but the ground was hard and dry and the light dim. After a while he gave it up and went off in the direction of the village.

"Now's our chance," Sylvia whispered.

"Not yet, Sylvia. I'm pretty sure he's just waiting for us. He didn't see us on the path to the river so he knows we're hiding."

"But it will be light soon," said Sylvia.

"Not for another hour. Tell me, how did you get here?"

"I heard a noise on deck, got up, and found I was locked in. I looked out and saw a shadow moving away. I knew it was a boat, and guessed you had been kidnapped. Our dinghy was alongside, and I managed to get through the cabin window and drop into it. My first idea was to rouse Dad, but I could hear him breathing deeply and felt sure he was asleep. So I just came straight ashore. Then I saw a fire among the trees and crept up, and there were two men sleeping in hammocks, and you were tied to a tree. I crept round, but before I could reach you Zamba had you. So I followed, and waited outside the hut ever so long before he came out."

"Hush!" Johnny whispered. "Someone's coming up from the river. My word, it's Crowle and Sousa. They've waked up and missed me."

The men spotted the hut and went in. Johnny and Sylvia heard Crowle exclaim angrily. They came out again and prowled round. The two in the tree stayed quiet as mice.

"It was Zamba took him. I'll swear to that," they heard Crowle say. "But where's he took him? It wouldn't be up to the kraal. I'll lay he has him hidden somewhere round here." Sousa said something. They couldn't catch the words. Crowle smacked his great hands together.

"A good notion, Sousa! I'll do it!" He ran into the hut. Next minute there was a crackle—then a red glow.

"The fool! He's fired the hut," Johnny muttered. "Now look out for squalls."

The Escape

THEY hadn't long to wait. There was a thud of bare feet on the hard ground, and here came Zamba, with three or four of his men armed with spears and clubs. Crowle snapped a shot at Zamba, missed him, turned and ran, followed by Sousa.

"Now!" hissed Johnny, and he and Sylvia, active as cats, swung down from the tree and bolted for the river. Sylvia made straight for the dinghy, and in a few moments they were pulling out to the launch.

"Sylvia, is that you?" came her father's anxious voice.

"And Johnny," called Sylvia.

"Dad, get the anchor up. Quick!" It was not till they were well down the creek that Sylvia explained what had happened. "And how did you get loose, Dad?" she asked.

"Broke the door down. Child, I was scared stiff when I found you gone. But I'm proud of you. And of you, too, Johnny. By the by, where did you hide the emerald?"

"Inside a yam in a sack in the galley, sir." He dived below and fetched up a big sweet potato.

Mr Ritson took the big emerald. "Johnny," he said, "you've earned your keep and a bit over. You're coming to Lagos with us. You'll go to school for a couple of years, then come into my office."

Sylvia clapped her hands. "That's fine, Dad!" she cried.

THE END

BEDTIME CORNER

What a Fuss!

ALL day Tim's tooth had been aching, a horrid nagging pain, which got worse when he ate. It made him wince when he bit on a crust at lunch.

It happened that Mr Trimmer had come to lunch that day. Mr Trimmer was a dentist, and when he saw Tim clap his hand to his mouth he insisted on having a look at that tiresome tooth.

The verdict was just what Tim had been expecting—the tooth would have to come out.

Presently they all went to the door to see the visitor off.

When he had got into his car and started the engine he smiled at Tim and said, "Like to come for a ride?"

"Oh, rather!" Tim cried.

"Well, jump in," said Mr Trimmer, and away they went. "I have to make a call at Windwhistle Farm," he added.

"Lovely!" cried Tim.

"I expect they'll give us tea."

"Lovely!" said Tim again, knowing how good farmhouse tea is.

"But you won't be able to enjoy it with that old tooth worrying you!" declared Mr Trimmer. "I think we'd better stop at the surgery and get rid of it."

"Oh!" said Tim slowly. "All right," he agreed, after a bit.

"Stout fellow!" cried Mr Trimmer. "Though, as a matter of fact, you'll hardly notice it."

And that was true, as Tim found. One nasty twinge and it was all over. And then they got into the car again and were soon skimming over the sweet-smelling moor, with the gorse and the heather and the call of the curlew.

It was lovely. Tim laughed aloud. What a fuss he had been making over nothing!



THE BRAN TUB



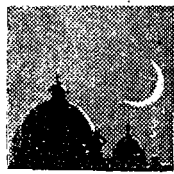
The names of all these things found in the countryside and by the seashore begin with the letters N and O. A list of them will be given next week

Wrong

TEACHER: Willie, give me an example of a collective noun.
Willie: A vacuum cleaner.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the late evening the planets Jupiter and Saturn are close together low in the east. In the morning Venus is in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6 o'clock on



Tuesday evening, September 3.

The Fitness of Things

A SAILOR for sea,
And a lady for tea,
A lawyer for talk, and a soldier for fighting;
A baby for noise,
And a circus for boys,
And a typewriter girl to do auto-graph writing;
A banker for chink,
And a printer for ink,
A leopard for spots, and a wafer for sticking;
A scholar for learning,
A fire for burning,
A shotgun, a mule, and a donkey for kicking.

Our Daily Strength

THE food consumed by the average man produces about 3400 foot-tons of force—a ton raised 1 foot high—daily. About nine-tenths of it is used unconsciously for warming the body and the maintenance of life, making good wear and tear of the body, and manufacturing the products necessary for its existence; as, for example, a gallon of gastric juice and a quart of saliva daily.

This leaves 300 foot-tons for use consciously in any way we please—in moving the body about, in thoughts and emotions—in short, in living. So that an average man in health can control the expenditure of only about one-tenth of his income.

Do You Live at Accrington?

THE name is spelt Alkington in old records, and means the town or village of Ealhhere, a very common name in Old English. Probably Ealhhere was some local magnate of old days.

Do You Know Me?

I'M a creature most useful, most active, best known,
Of any that daily perambulate town;
Take from me one letter and yet my good name
In spite of this loss will continue the same;
Take from me two letters and still you will see
That precisely the same as before I shall be;
Take from me three letters, take six, or take more,
Yet still I continue the same as before.

Answer next week

Order of the Bath

MANY achievements are attributed to Queen Elizabeth, but it is perhaps not so well known that she was a pioneer of cleanliness in this country. The great Tudor queen had a bath twice a week.

Edward I was also a hygienist in that he insisted on his "sope," as it was then spelt, and his bath being taken everywhere with him. This king also had baths of a primitive kind put in royal residences and insisted that "sope" should be sent to his children when they were away from his household.

Lesson in Logic

HERE is a little lesson in logic to prove that a cat has three tails. Can you see where the logic is wrong?

No cat has two tails.
A cat has one tail more than no cat.
Therefore a cat has three tails.

How Bunyan Wrote His Name

JOHN BUNYAN, the tinker who won himself undying fame in literature, died in London on August 31, 1688. An eager Non-conformist preacher, he soon met trouble on account of his beliefs, and it was in prison that he wrote

John Bunyan

The Pilgrim's Progress, his masterpiece, which has now been translated into 70 languages. At his death he was the most popular preacher and author in England.

How to Spell Potato

WHAT does this spell?

Ghoughphtheightteau.
You can easily work it out. Gh stands for p, as in hicough; ough for o as in dough, phth for t as in phthisis, eigh for a as in neighbour, tt for t as in gazette, and eau for o as in beau. The word therefore is potato.

A Late Lunch

A CERTAIN Mr. Jones was a consummate miser. It is said that before going out he always shut up a fly in the sugar basin so as to know for certain if the sugar was tampered with.

One evening, being called to a small town on business, he entered an inn and demanded:
"What do you charge for dinner?"
"Three shillings, sir."
"And for lunch?"
"Two shillings."
"Well, this evening I will go without dinner," declared he; "give me a lunch."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Word With Different Meanings

Pole

Word Changing

Visit, is it? it is.

R	A	C	E	B	L	U	E
I	D	O	L	A	I	R	S
D	W	E	D	G	E	O	
F	C	O	C	T			
F	E	A	T	Y	A	R	D
L	E	D	D	R	Y	E	
E	D	R	E	A	M	P	
E	H	A	W	L	S	O	
T	E	A	M	L	I	S	T

More Trouble For Jacko



It seemed very dark when Mother Jacko passed through the hall with a tray in her hands. "Dear me!" she said. "It must be later than I thought." And she glanced up where the big clock usually stood. But in its place was a tall, silent figure in top-hat and overcoat. Mother Jacko screamed and dropped the tray. But it was only the old clock which Jacko had dressed up in Grandfather's clothes.

In Darkest South America

A TAPIR remarked: "On my word, it is certainly somewhat absurd that the monkeys should fail to set fire to my tail. For a taper gives light, so I've heard!"

Lady of the Lamps

SOME years ago a lady in Hammeffest, on being condoled with on the absence of sunlight all through the winter, remarked, *Oh, it's not so bad; there is generally an hour of daylight to clean the lamps!*

Ici on Parle Français

The Poor Wise Man

There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it.

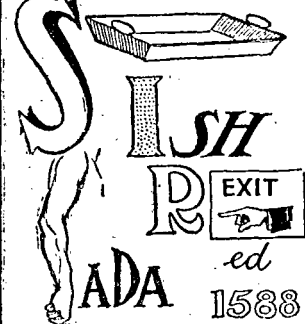
Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.

Le Pauvre Sage

Il y avait une petite ville de très peu d'habitants; un grand roi l'attaqua, l'assiégea et se fortifia contre elle.

Alors se trouva dans la ville un pauvre sage qui la sauva par sa sagesse; cependant ce pauvre sage demeura inconnu. Ecclesiastes

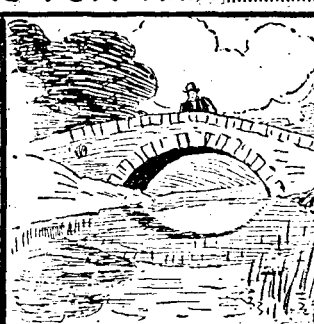
PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



A great event in English history can be found by solving this picture puzzle. Answer next week



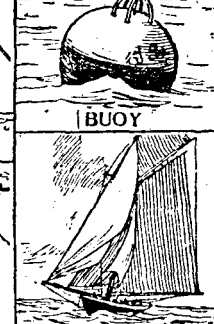
Hold this page level with the eye and look along the surface. The pins will appear to be standing up as if in a pin cushion.



Can you see the mistake the artist made in drawing this picture? Answer next week



The seafaring Dutch people have given the English language these four words familiar to sailors.



MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 6d., 10d. and 1/6.

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.